## Christy Moore, Beeswing

I was 18 when I came to town

They called it the summer of love

Burning babies, burning flags

The hawks against the doves

I took a job at the steaming way

Down on Caltrim St

Fell in love with a laundry girl

That was workin' next to me

Brown hair zig zagged across her face

And a look of half surprise

Like a fox caught in the headlights

There was animal in her eyes

She said to me

& amp; quot; Can't you see I'm not the factory kind?

If you don't take me out of here

I'll surely lose my mind"

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing

So fine, a breath of wind might blow her away

She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild

(She said)

& amp; quot; So long as there's no price on love, I'll stay

You wouldn't want me any other way"

We busked around the market towns

Fruit pickin' down in Kent

We could tinker pots and pans

Or knives, wherever we went

We were campin' down the Gower one time

The work was mighty good

She wouldn't wait for the harvest

I thought we should

I said to her we'll settle down

Get a few acres dug

A fire burning in the hearth

And babies on the rug

She said, & amp; quot; Oh man, you foolish man

That surely sounds like hell

You might be lord of half the world

You'll not own me as well"

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing

So fine, a breath of wind might blow her away

She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild

(She said)

& amp; quot; So long as there's no price on love, I'll stay

You wouldn't want me any other way"

We were drinking more in those days

Our tempers reached a pitch

Like a fool I let her run away

When she took the rambling itch

Last I heard she was living rough

Back on the Derby beat

A bottle of White Horse in her pocket

A Wolfhound at her feet

They say that she got married once

To a man called Romany Brown

Even a gypsy caravan

Was too much like settlin' down

They say her rose has faded

Rough weather and hard booze

Maybe that's the price you pay

For the chains that you refuse

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing

I miss her more than ever, words can say

If I could just taste all of her wildness now

If I could hold her in my arms today

I wouldn't want her any other way